

Diana's foresters⁶, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the sea is, by our poble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea: being govern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by⁷; and spent with crying—bring in⁸: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?⁹

P. Hen.

the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to disgrace it. A *Squire of the body* signified originally, the attendant on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield. It became afterwards the cant term for a pimp; and is so used in the second part of Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630. Again in the *Witty Fair One*, 1633, for a prostitute: "Here comes the *Squire* of her mistress's body." Falstaff, however, puns upon the word *knight*. See *Curialia* of Samuel Pegge Esqr. Part I, p. 100. STEEVENS.

⁶ —Diana's foresters,—] We learn from Hall, that certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights*. MALONE.

⁷ —swearing—lay by;] i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, lay by your arms; or rather lay by was a phrase that then signified stand still, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. WARB.

⁸ —and spent with crying, bring in:] i. e. more wine. MALONE.

⁹ —And is not mine hostess of the tavern &c.] We meet with the same kind of humour as is contained in this and the three following speeches, in the *Mossellaria* of Plautus, Act. I. sc. ii.

"Jampridem ecastor frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter,

"Nec unde me melius, mea Scapha, rear esse defecatam.

Sea. "Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horno messis magna fuit.

Pbi. "Quid ea messis attinet ad meam lavationem?

Sea. "Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad messim."

In the want of connection to what went before, probably consists the humour of the prince's question. STEEVENS.

This kind of humour is often met with in old plays. In the *Gallathea* of Lilly, *Phyllida* says, "It is a pittie that nature framed you not a woman.

Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle¹. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of du-rance²?

Fal.

a woman. "*Gall.* There is a tree in Tylos, &c." "*Phill.* What a toy it is to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpose, &c." Ben Jonson calls it a *game at vapours*. FARMER.

¹ *As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.*] Sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakspeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play, in which Oldcastle's name occurs, was not the work of our poet.—*Old lad* is a familiar compellation to be found in some of our most ancient dramatick pieces. So, in the *Trial of Treasure*, 1567: "What, Inclination, *old lad* art thou there?" In the dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up* &c. by T. Nash, 1598, *old Dick of the castle* is mentioned. Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Ass*, 1593: "—and here's a lusty *ladd of the castell*, that will binde beares, and ride golden asses to death." STEEVENS.

Old lad of the castle, is the same with *Old lad of Castile*, a *Castilian*.—Meres reckons *Oliver of the castle* amongst his romances; and Gabriel Harvey tells us of "*Old lads of the castell* with their rapping bable:"—roaring boys.—This is therefore no argument for Falstaff's appearing first under the name of *Oldcastle*. There is however a passage in a play called *Amends for Madnes*, by Field the player, 1618, which may seem to prove it, unless he confounded the different performances:

"———" Did you never see

"The play where the fat night, hight *Oldcastle*,

"Did tell you truly what this *honour* was?" FARMER.

Mr. Rowe mentions a tradition that "this part of Falstaff was originally written under the name of *Oldcastle*, and that some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff." From whom he received this tradition, he does not say; nor had he, I am persuaded, any other authority for it, than a misunderstood passage in a book of the last age, quoted below. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton believed this story, and concurred in thinking that the passage before us alluded to the old name of this character. "When Shakspeare changed the name, (says the latter editor) he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it."—I shall not insert their notes, because I believe them to be wholly unfounded.

From the following passage in *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinaire, or the Walkes in Powles*, quarto, 1604, it appears that Sir John Oldcastle was represented on the stage as a very fat man (certainly not in the play printed with that title in 1600):—"Now, signiors, how like you mine host? did I not tell you he was a madde round knave and a merrie one too? and if you chauce to talke of *fatte* Sir John Oldcastle, he will tell you, he was his great grand-

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen.

father, and not much unlike him in *paunch*."—The host, who is here described, returns to the gallants, and entertains them with telling them stories. After his first tale, he says: "Nay gallants, I'll fit you, and now I will serve in another, as good as vinegar and pepper to your roast beefe."—*Signor Kickshaw* replies: "Let's have it, let's taste on it, mine host, my noble *fat actor*."

The cause of all the confusion relative to these two characters, and of the tradition mentioned by Mr. Rowe, that our author changed the name from Oldcastle to Falstaff, (to which I do not give the smallest credit,) seems to have been this. Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled *The famous Victories of King Henry V.* (which had been exhibited before 1589,) in which Henry prince of Wales is a principal character. He is accompanied in his revels and his robberies by Sir John Oldcastle, ("a pampere'd glutton, and a debauchee," as he is called in a piece of that age,) who appears to be the character alluded to in the passage above quoted from *The Meeting of Gallants, &c.* To this character undoubtedly it is that Fuller alludes in his *Church History*, 1656, when he says, "Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot." Speed in his *History*, which was first published in 1611, alludes both to this "boon companion" of the anonymous *K. Henry V.* and to the Sir John Oldcastle exhibited in a play of the same name, which was printed in 1600: "The author of the *Three Conversions* hath made Oldcastle a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his authority taken from the *stage players*." Oldcastle is represented as a *rebel* in the play last mentioned alone; in the former play as "a ruffian and a robber."

Shakspeare probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcastle, lord Cobham, in any respect; but thought proper to make Falstaff, in imitation of his proto-type, the Oldcastle of the old *King Henry V.* a mad round knave also. From the first appearance of our author's *King Henry IV.* the old play in which Sir John Oldcastle had been exhibited, (which was printed in 1598,) was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is, that Fuller says, "Sir John Falstaff has relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place;" which being misunderstood, probably gave rise to the story, that Shakspeare changed the name of his character.

A passage in his *Worthies*, folio, 1662, p. 253, shews his meaning still more clearly; and will serve at the same time to point out the source of the mistakes on this subject.—"Sir John Fastolfe, knight, was a native of this county [Norfolk]. To avouch him by many arguments valliant, is to maintain that the sun is bright; though, since,

the

Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal.

the stage has been over-bold with his memory, making him a Thraconical puff, and emblem of mock valour.—True it is, Sir John Oldcastle did first bear the brunt of the one, being made the makesport in all plays for a coward. It is easily known, but of what purse this black penny came. The papists railing on him for a heretick; and therefore he must be also a coward: though indeed he was a man of arms, every such of him, and as valiant as any of his age.

“Now as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in, to relieve his memory in this base service; to be the anvil for every dull wit to strike upon. Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John Falstaff, (and making him the property and pleasure of King Henry V. to abuse,) seeing the vicinity of sounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight.”

Here we see the assertion is, not that Sir John Oldcastle did first bear the brunt in *Shakspeare's* play, but in all plays, that is, on the stage in general, before Shakspeare's character had appeared; owing to the malevolence of papists, of which religion it is plain Fuller supposed the writers of those plays in which Oldcastle was exhibited, to have been; nor does he complain of Shakspeare's altering the name of his character from Oldcastle to Falstaff, but of the metathesis of Fastolfe to Falstaff. Yet I have no doubt that the words above cited, “put out” and “put in,” and “by some alteration of his name,” that these words alone, misunderstood, gave rise to the misapprehension that has prevailed since the time of Mr. Rowe, relative to this matter. For what is the plain meaning of Fuller's words? “Sir John Fastolfe was in truth a very brave man, though he is now represented on the stage as a cowardly braggart. Before he was thus ridiculed, Sir John Oldcastle, being hated by the papists, was exhibited by papist writers, in all plays, as a coward. Since the new character of Falstaff has appeared, Oldcastle has no longer borne the brunt, has no longer been the object of ridicule: but, as on the one hand I am glad that “his memory has been relieved,” that the plays in which he was represented have been expelled from the scene, so on the other, I am sorry that so respectable a character as Sir John Fastolfe has been brought on it, and “substituted buffoon in his place”; for however our comick poet [Shakspeare] may have hoped to escape censure by altering the name from Fastolfe to Falstaff, he is certainly culpable, since some imputation must necessarily fall on the brave knight of Norfolk from the similitude of the sounds.”

Falstaff thus having grown out of, and immediately succeeding, the other character, (the Oldcastle of the old *K. Henry V.*) having one or two features in common with him, and being probably represented in the same dress, and with the same fictitious belly, as his predecessor, the two names might have been indiscriminately used by Field and others, without any mistake, or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the scenes, in consequence

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prythee, sweet wag, shall there be gameys standing in England

sequence of the circumstances already mentioned, Oldcastle might have been a cant-appellation for Falstaff, for a long time. Hence the name might have been prefixed inadvertently, in some play-house copy, to one of the speeches in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*

If the verses be examined, in which the name of Falstaff occurs, it will be found, that Oldcastle could not have stood in those places. The only answer that can be given to this, is, that Shakspeare new-wrote each verse in which Falstaff's name occurred;—a labour which those only who are entirely unacquainted with our author's history and works, can suppose him to have undergone.—A passage in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* rightly understood, appears to me strongly to confirm what has been now suggested. See the note there.

MALONE.

2 — *And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?*] To understand the propriety of the prince's answer, it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the prince asks in return, whether *it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench*. JOHNSON.

The following passage, from the old play of *Ram-Alley*, may serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's observation:

"Look, I have certain goblins in buff jerkins,

"Lye ambuscado."——

[Enter Serjeants.

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV:

"A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,

"A fellow all in buff."

In *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, I meet with a passage which leads me to believe that a *robe or suit of durance* was some kind of lasting stuff, such as we call at present, *everlasting*. A debtor, cajoling the officer who had just taken him up, says: "Where did'st thou buy this buff?" Let me not live but I will give thee a *good suit of durance*. Wilt thou take my bond? &c." Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607: "Varlet of velvet, my moccado villain, old heart of durance, my strip'd canvas shoulders, and my perpetuana pander."

STEEVENS.

when

when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge³.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits⁴?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat⁵, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute⁶.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

³ — *I'll be a brave judge.*] This thought, like many others, is taken from the old play of *Henry V.*

⁴ *Hen.* 5. Ned, so soon as I am king, the first thing I will do shall be to put my *lord chief justice* out of office; and thou shalt be my *lord chief justice* of England.

⁵ *Ned.* Shall I be *lord chief justice*? By gogs wounds, I'll be the bravest *lord chief justice* that ever was in England." STEEVENS.

⁶ *For obtaining of suits?*] *Suit*, spoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*; used with respect to the hangman, means the cloaths of the offender. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 90. n. 6. The same quibble occurs in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631: "A poor maiden, mistress, has a *suit* to you; and 'tis a good *suit*,—very good apparel." MALONE.

⁵ — *a gib cat,*] A *gib cat* means, I know not why, an old cat.

JOHNSON.

A *gib cat* is the common term in Northamptonshire, and all adjacent counties, to express a *be cat*. PRACY.

"As melancholy as a *gib'd cat*" is a proverb enumerated among others in Ray's *Collection*. So in Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, 1653: "Some in mania or melancholy madness have attempted the same, not without success, although they have remained somewhat *melancholy*, like *gib'd cats*." STEEVENS.

Sherwood's *English Dictionary* at the end of Cotgrave's *French* one says, "*Gibbe* is an old *be cat*." Aged animals are not so playful as those which are young. TOILET.

⁶ — *or a lover's lute.*] See Vol. II. p. 254, n. 6. MALONE.

P. Hen.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare⁷, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch⁸?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury similes^{*}; and art, indeed, the most comparative⁹, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would a God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration¹; and art, indeed,

7 — a hare,] A hare may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and, according to the physick of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

The following passage in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c.¹⁶¹², may prove the best explanation:

“ ————like your melancholy hare.”

“ Feed after midnight.” STEEVENS.

8 — the melancholy of Moor-ditch?] It appears from *Stowe's Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the hospital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water? STEEVENS.

So in Taylor's *Penniless Pilgrimage*, quarto, 1618: “ —my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, *Moor-ditch melancholy*. MALONE.

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome and impassable morass, and consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields which were remarkably pleasant, and the fashionable places of resort. T. WARTON.

* — similes;] Old Copies—smiles. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

9 — the most comparative,] *Quick at comparisons, or fruitful in similes.* JOHNSON.

This epithet is used again, in *Act III. sc. ii.* of this play, and apparently in the same sense:

“ ————stand the push

“ Of every beardless vain comparative.”

And in *Lowe's Labour's Lost*, *Act V. sc. ult.*, Rosaline tells Biron that he is a man “ Full of comparisons and wounding flouts.” STEEVENS.

1 O, thou hast &c.] In the last speech a text is very indecently and abusively

indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me².

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation³. Poins!—Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match⁴. O, if men were

abusively applied, to which Falstaff answers, *thou hast damnable iteration*, or, a wicked trick of *repeating* and applying holy texts. This, I think, is the meaning. JOHNSON.

Iteration is right, for it also signified simply *citation* or *recitation*. So in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, 1631:

"Here take this book and peruse it well,

"The *iterating* of these lines brings gold."

From the context, *iterating* here appears to mean *pronouncing*, *reciting*. Again in Camden's *Remaines*, 1614: "King Edward I. disliking the *iteration* of FITZ," &c. MALONE.

² — and baffle me.] See Mr. Tollet's note on *K. Richard II.* p. 9.

STEEVENS.

³ — to labour in his vocation.] This (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) is undoubtedly a sneer on Agremont Radcliffe's *Politique Discourses*, 1578. From the beginning to the end of the book the word *vocation* occurs in almost every paragraph. Thus chap. 1. "That the *vocation* of men had been a thing unknown unto philosophers, and others that have treated of *Politique Government*; of the commoditie that cometh by the knowledge thereof; and the etymology and definition of this word, *vocation*."—Again, chap. 25. "*Whether a man being disorderly and unduely entered into any vocation, may lawfully brooke and abide in the same*; and whether the administration in the meane while done by him that is unduely entered, ought to holde, or be of force." STEEV.

⁴ — have set a match.] Thus the quarto. So, in B. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "Peace, sir, they'll be angry if they hear you

craves—

were to he sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. — What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldst him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

eaves-dropping, now they are *setting their match*." There it seems to mean making an *appointment*. — The folio reads — *set a watch*. MALONE.

Sir John Sack-and-Sugar.] Much inquiry has been made about Falstaff's sack, and great surprise has been expressed that he should have mixed sugar with it. As they are here mentioned for the first time in this play, it may not be improper to observe that it is probable that Falstaff's wine was Sherry, a Spanish wine, originally made at Xeres. He frequently himself calls it *Sherrie-sack*. Nor will his mixing sugar with sack appear extraordinary, when it is known that it was a very common practice in our author's time to put sugar into *all* wines. "Clownes and vulgar men (says Fynes Moryson) only use large drinking of beere or ale, — but gentlemen garrawse only in wine, with which they mix sugar, which I never observed in any other place or kingdom to be used for that purpose. And because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetness, the wines in taverns (for I speak not of merchantes' or gentlemen's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleasant." 17 IN. 1617. P. III. p. 152. See also Mr. Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Vol IV. p. 308: "Among the orders of the royal household in 1604 is the following: [Mss. Harl. 293, fol. 162.] 'And whereas in tymes past, *Spanisb* wines, called *Sacke*, were little or no whitt used in our courte, — we now understanding that it is now used in common drink, &c.'" *Sack* was, I believe, often mulled in our author's time. See a note, *post*, on the words, "If sack and sugar be a sin, &c." See also Blount's GLOSSOGRAPHY: "*Mulled Sack*, (*Vinum molli-tum*) because softened and made mild by burning, and a mixture of *sugar*. MALONE.

Hentzner, p. 88, edit. 1757, speaking of the manners of the English, says, "*in potum copiosi immittunt saccharum*," they put a great deal of sugar in their drink. REED.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-cheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Pal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou dar'est not stand for ten shillings⁶.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pry'thee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel: You shall find me in East-cheap.

⁶ — if thou dar'est not stand &c.] The reading, cry stand, may perhaps be right; but I think it necessary to remark, that all the old editions read:—if thou dar'est not stand for ten shillings. JOHNSON.

Falstaff is quibbling on the word royal. The real or royal was of the value of ten shillings. Almost the same jest occurs in a subsequent scene. The quibble, however, is lost, except the old reading be preserved. Cry, stand, will not support it. STEVENS.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring⁷! farewell All-hallow summer⁸!

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto⁹, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, firrah^{*}, I have cases of buckram for the nonce[†], to immask our noted outward garments.

7 — thou latter spring!] Old Copies—the latter. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

8 — All-hallow summer!] *All-hallows* is *All hallowen tide*, or *All-saints' day*, which is the first of November. We have still a church in London which is absurdly stiled *St. All-hallows*, as if a word which was formed to express the community of saints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number. Shakspeare's allusion is design'd to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. So, in the second part of this play: "—the *Martins*, your master." STEEVENS.

9 — *Bardolph, Peto,*] In the old copies, instead of these persons, the names of two actors, Harvey and Rosfel, have by the carelessness of the transcriber crept into the text. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

* — *firrah,*] *Sirrah* in our author's time, as appears from this and many other passages, was not a word of disrespect. MALONE.

† — *for the nonce,*] That is, as I conceive, for the occasion. This phrase, which was very frequently, though not always very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I suppose, came *for the nunc*, and so *for the nonce*; just as from *ad-nunc* came *a-non*. The Spanish *entonces* has been formed in the same manner from *in-tunc*. TYRWHITT.

This phrase is used at this day in Hampshire. MALONE.

P. Hen.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof² of this, lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night³ in East-cheap, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord.

[Exit POINS.]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun;

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds⁴

To smother up his beauty from the world,

That, when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holydays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come⁵,

And

² — reproof—] is confutation. JOHNSON.

³ — to-morrow night—] I think we should read—to-night. The disguises were to be provided for the purpose of the robbery, which was to be committed at four in the morning; and they would come too late if the prince was not to receive them till the night after the day of the exploit. This is a second instance to prove that Shakspeare could forget in the end of a scene what he had said in the beginning. STEEVENS.

⁴ Who doth permit the base contagious clouds &c.] So, in our author's 33d Sonnet:

" Full many a glorious morning have I seen

" Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,—

" Anon permit the basest clouds to ride

" With ugly rack on his celestial face." MALONE.

⁵ If all the year were playing holydays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,] So, in our author's 52d Sonnet:

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes⁶;
 And, like bright metal on a fullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir Walter BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,

"Therefore are feasts so ~~long~~ and so rare,

"Since seldom coming, in the long year set,

"Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,

"Or captain jewels in the carcanet." MALONE.

⁶ — *shall I falsify men's hopes;*] To falsify hope is to exceed hope, to give much where men hoped for little.—This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake. JOHNSON.

Hopes is used simply for *expectations*, as *success* is for the *event*, whether good or bad. This is still common in the midland counties.

FARMER.

The following passage in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* fully supports Dr. Farmer's interpretation. The Prince is there, as in the passage before us, the speaker:

"My father is gone wild into his grave,—

"And with his spirit sadly I survive,

"To mock the *expectations* of the world;

"To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out

"Rotten opinion, who hath written down

"After my seeming." MALONE.

And

And you have found me; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition⁷;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier⁸ of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us; when we need
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit WORCESTER.]

You were about to speak.

[to NORTH.]

North. Yea, my good lord.
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd

⁷ I will from henceforth rather be myself,

Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;] i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. WARBURTON. •

Shakespeare uses *condition* very frequently for *temper of mind*, and in this sense the vulgar still say a *good* or *ill-conditioned* man. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry V.* Act V: "Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not smooth." Ben Jonson uses it in the same sense, in *The New Inn*, Act I. sc. vi. STEEVENS.

So also all the contemporary writers. See Vol. III. p. 16, n. 2, and p. 136, n. 6. MALONE.

⁸ The moody frontier—] *Frontier* was anciently used for *forehead*. So Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595: "Then on the edges of their bolster'd hair, which standeth crested round their *frontiers*, and hanging over their faces, &c." STEEVENS.

As is deliver'd to your majesty :
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
 Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home ⁹ :
 He was perfum'd like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box ¹, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff ² :—and still he smil'd, and talk'd ;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holyday and lady terms ³
 He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay ⁴,

Out

⁹ — at harvest-home :] *A chin new shaven* is compared to a stubble-land at harvest-home, because at that time, when the corn has been but just carried in, the stubble appears more even and upright, than at any other. TYRWHITT.

¹ *A pouncet-box,—*] A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion : the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name ; from *poinçonner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is just. At the christening of Q. Elizabeth, the marchioness of Dorset gave, according to Holinshed, "three gilt bowls *pounced*, with a cover." STEEVENS.

² *Took it in snuff :*] *Snuff* is equivocally used for anger, and a powder taken up the nose. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 531, n. 8. MALONE.

³ *With many holyday and lady terms*] So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* :—"he speaks holiday." STEEVENS.

⁴ *I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,*

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,] But in the beginning of the speech

Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
 He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,

speech he represents himself at this time not as *cold* but *hot*, and inflamed with rage and jealousy. I am persuaded therefore that Shakespeare wrote *gall*.
 WARBURTON.

What if Percy might say of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly *cold*, and when they were *cold* would *smart*, and not before. If any alteration were necessary, I should transpose the lines:

*I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 Out of my grief, and my impatience,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Answer'd neglectingly.*

A *popinjay* is a parrot. JOHNSON.

The same transposition had been proposed by Mr. Edwards. From the following passage in the *Northern Lass*, 1633, it should seem that a *popinjay* and a *parrot* were distinct birds: "Is this a *parrot*, or a *popinjay*?"—In the ancient poem called *The Parliament of Birds*, bl. l. this bird is called "the *popynge jay* of paradise." STEEVENS.

It appears from Minshew that Dr. Johnson is right. See his *Dict.* 1617, in v. *Parrot*. MALONE.

The old reading may be supported by the following passage in Barnes's *Hist. of Edw. III.* p. 786: "The esquire fought still, untill the wounds began with loss of blood to *cool* and *smart*." TOLLET.

⁵ —*parmacity* for an inward bruise;] So in Sir T. Overbury's *Character*, 1626: [An Ordinary Fencer.] "His wounds are seldom skin-deepe; for an inward bruise lambstones and sweete-breads are his only *spermaceti*." BOWLE.

Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach⁵;
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, should ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer⁶;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,

When

⁵ *To do him wrong, or any way impeach; &c.* [Let what he has said never rise to impeach him, so he unsay it now.] JOHNSON.

⁶ *His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;* [Shakspeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's brother-in-law. In A& II. lady Percy expressly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in the third act, he calls lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistency may be accounted for as follows. It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund earl of March*, nephew to lady Percy, and the proper *Mortimer* of this play; the other, *sir Edmund Mortimer*, uncle to the former, and brother to lady Percy. Shakspeare confounds the two persons. STEEVENS.

Another cause also may be assigned for this confusion. Henry Percy, according to the accounts of our old historians married Eleanor, the sister of Roger Earl of March, who was the father of the Edmund Earl of March that appears in the present play. But this Edmund had a sister likewise named *Eleanor*. Shakspeare might therefore have at different times confounded these two Eleanors. MALONE.

⁷ — *and indent with fears,* [To indent is to sign an indenture or compact. Dr. Johnson would read—with *peers*. MALONE.]

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war^s;—To prove that true,
 Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds⁹, which valiantly he took,
 When, on the gentle Severn's fedy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
 drink¹.

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
 Who then, affrighted² with their bloody looks,

Ran

Fears may be used in an active sense for *terrors*. So, in the second part of *Henry IV.*

"——all those bold fears

"Thou seest with peril I have answered." STEEVENS.

⁸ *He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,*

But by the chance of war;] The meaning is, he came not into the enemy's power but by the chance of war. The king charged Mortimer, that he wilfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotspur replies, that he never fell off, that is, fell into Glendower's hands, but by the chance of war. I should not have explained thus tediously a passage so hard to be mistaken, but that two editors have already mistaken it. JOHNS.

⁹ —those mouthed wounds,—] So in *Julius Cæsar*:

"——there were an Anthony,

"Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

"In every wound of Cæsar," &c. MALONE.

¹ —three times did they drink,] It is the property of wounds to excite the most impatient thirst. The poet therefore hath with exquisite propriety introduced this circumstance, which may serve to place in its proper light the dying kindness of Sir Philip Sydney; who, though suffering the extremity of thirst from the agony of his own wounds, ~~yet~~ ^{and} gave up his own draught of water to a wounded soldier. HENLEY.

² *Who then, affrighted &c.*] This passage has been censured as sounding

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head³ in the hollow bank
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did bare and rotten policy⁴
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly:
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him.
 He never did encounter with Glendower;
 I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son:—

sounding nonsense, which represents a stream of water as capable of fear. It is misunderstood. Severn is not here the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. JOHNSON.

³ — *his crisp head*] *Crisp* is curled. So, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:

“ ————O beauteous Tiber,

“ Turn not thy *crispy* tides, like silver curls,” &c.

Perhaps Shakspeare has bestowed an epithet, applicable only to the stream of water, on the genius of the stream. The following passage, however, in the fifth song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, may seem to justify its propriety:

“ Your corse were dissolv'd into that crystal stream;

“ Your curls to curled waves, which plainly still appear

“ The same in *water* now that once in *locks* they were.”

B. and Fletcher have the same image with Shakspeare in the *Loyal Subject*:

“ ————the Volga trembled at his terror,

“ And hid his seven curl'd heads.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Never did bare and rotten policy*] All the quartos which I have seen read *bare* in this place. The first folio, and all the subsequent editions, have *bare*. I believe *bare* is right: “Never did policy lying open to detection so colour its workings.” JOHNSON.

The first quarto, 1598, reads—*bare*; which means so *thinly covered* by art as to be easily seen through. So in *Timon of Athens*:

“ What *bare* excuses mak'st thou to be gone!” MALONE.

Send

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt K. HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them :—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?

'Zounds, I will speak of him: and let my foul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urge the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death's,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor.

5 — *an eye of death,*] That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.
So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"And wrapt in silence of his angry soul,

"Upon his browes was pourtrai'd ugly death,

"And in his eyes the furies of his heart." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens seem to think that Hotspur meant to describe the king as trembling not with fear but rage; but surely they are mistaken. The king had no reason to be enraged at Mortimer, who had been taken prisoner in fighting against his enemy; but he had much reason to fear the man who had a better title to the crown than himself, which had been proclaimed by Richard II; and accordingly when Hotspur is informed of that circumstance, he says,

"*Then, I cannot blame his cousin king,*

"*That wish'd him on the barren mountain star'd.*"

And Worcester in the very next line says, "He cannot blame him for
trembling

FIRST PART OF

Wor. I cannot blame him : Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ?

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation :
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon !) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition ;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you ; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown⁶ ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains serv'd.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man ;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blood
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo ;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—

As

stumbling at the name of Mortimer, since Richard had proclaimed him next of blood. MASON.

Mr. Mason's remark is, I think, in general just ; but the king, as appears from this scene, had some reason to be *enraged* also at Mortimer, because he thought that Mortimer had not been taken prisoner by the efforts of his enemies, but had himself *revolted*. MALONE.

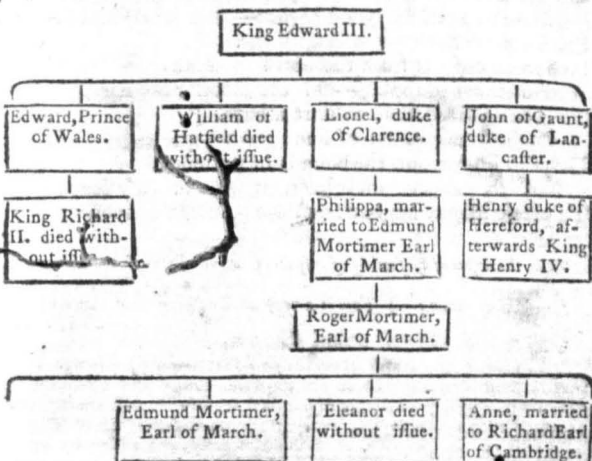
⁶ *Heir to the crown &c.* Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard, ~~as appears from~~ the following table ; in which the three younger children of king Edward V. are not included, as being immaterial to the subject before us :

King

KING HENRY IV.

139

As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?⁷
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd⁸ contempt,



Sandford in his *Genealogical History* says, that the last mentioned Edmund Earl of March, (the Mortimer of this play,) was married to Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund Earl of Stafford. Thomas Walsingham asserts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower; and the subsequent historians copied him; but this is a very doubtful point, for the Welsh writers make no mention of it. Sandford says that this Earl of March was confined by the jealous Henry in the castle of Trim in Ireland, and that he died there, after an imprisonment of twenty years, on the 19th of January, 1424. MALONE.

⁷ — *the canker-rose*, Bolingbroke? The canker-rose is the dog-rose, the flower of the Cynobaton. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *disdain'd* for disdainful. JOHNSON.

Of

Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear².

Hot. If he fall in, good night :—or sink or swim¹ :—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple ;—O ! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of reason.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon² ;

² *On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.*] That of a person of great spirit.

WARBURTON.

¹ — *sink or swim* :—] This is a very ancient proverbial expression.

STEEVENS.

² *By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,*

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;] Though I am very far from condemning this speech with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection and beauty of allegory which Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to display. This folly of Hotspur may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated, as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with resentment ; as the boasted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more ; as the hasty motion of turbulent desire ; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel.

JOHNSON.

I have not preserved Dr. Warburton's note, because it appears to me, like many others of that commentator, to extort a meaning from these words that probably Shakspeare was wholly unconscious of. The passage from Euripides, which he has put into the mouth of Eteocles, is this : " I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts, — I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom." MALONE.

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship³!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here⁴,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:

In the *Knicht of the burning Pestle*, B. and Fletcher have put this speech into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who, like Bottom, appears to have been fond of acting parts to *tear a cat in*. I suppose a ridicule on Hotspur was designed. STEEVENS.

³ *But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!*] Dr. Johnson supposes our author was thinking of a coat faced with somewhat more splendid than itself; and that "*half-fac'd fellowship* means partnership half-adorned, partnership which yet wants half the shew of dignities and honours."

It is not whether the allusion was to dress. *Half-fac'd* seems to have meant *paltry*. The expression, which appears to have been a contemptuous one, I believe, had its rise from the meaner denominations of coin, on which, formerly, only a *profile* of the reigning prince was exhibited; whereas on the more valuable pieces a *full face* was represented. So, in *K. John*:

"With that *half face* he would have all my land,—

"A *half-fac'd great*, five hundred pound a year!"

But then, it will be said, "what becomes of *fellowship*? Where is the fellowship in a *single face* in profile? The allusion must be to the coins of Philip and Mary, where two faces were in part exhibited."—This squaring of our author's comparisons, and making them correspond precisely on every side, is in my apprehension the source of endless mistakes. See p. 147, n. 5. *Fellowship* relates to Hotspur's "corrival" and himself, and I think to nothing more.

I find the epithet here applied to it, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "—with all other odd ends of your *half-faced* English." MALONE.

⁴ — *a world of figures here,*] *Figure* is here used equivocally. As it is applied to Hotspur's speech it is a rhetorical mode; as opposed to form, it means appearance or shape. JOHNSON.

Figures (says Mr. Edwards) mean shapes created by Hotspur's imagination; but not the form of what he should attend, viz. of what his uncle had to propose." MALONE.

I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer:
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear ye, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy⁵,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales⁶,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale⁷.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will tell to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool⁸!

5

Art

⁵ — *I solemnly defy,*] One of the ancient senses of the verb, to *defy*, was to *refuse*. See Vol. II. p. 69, n. 4. STEEVENS.

⁶ *And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,*] A royster or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a Swash-buckler. In this sense *sword-and-buckler* is here used. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *poison'd with a pot of ale.*] Dr. Grey supposes this to be said in allusion to Caxton's *Account of King John's Death*; (see Caxton's *Fructus Temporum*, 1515, fol. 62.) but I rather think it has reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince spent so much of his time in the meanest taverns. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool!*] The quarto, 1598, reads—*wasp-stung*; and surely it affords a more obvious meaning than the folio, which reads—*wasp-tongued*. That Shakspeare knew the sting of a wasp was not situated in its mouth may be learned from the following passage in the *Winter's Tale*, Act. I. sc. ii: "—is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps." STEEVENS.

The first quarto copies of several of these plays are in many respects much preferable to the folio, and in general I have paid the utmost attention to them. In the present instance, however, I think the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that the true reading is that of the

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot.

second quarto, 1599, *wasp-tongue*, which I have adopted, not on the authority of that copy, (for it has none,) but because I believe it to have been the word used by the author. The folio was apparently printed from a later quarto; and the editor from ignorance of our author's phraseology changed *wasp-tongue* to *wasp-tongued*. There are other instances of the same unwarrantable alterations even in that valuable copy of our author's plays. The change, I say, was made from ignorance of Shakspeare's phraseology; for in *K. Richard III.* we have—his *venom-tooth*, not *venom'd-tooth*; his *widow-dolour*, not *widow'd-dolour*; and in another play,—parted with *sugar-breath*, not *sugar'd-breath*; and many more instances of the same kind may be found.

Shakspeare certainly knew, as Mr. Steevens has observed, that the sting of a wasp lay in his tail; nor is there in my apprehension any thing couched under the epithet *wasp-tongue*, inconsistent with that knowledge. It means only, having a tongue as peevish and mischievous (if such terms may be applied to that instrument of the mind) as a wasp. Thus, in *As you like it*, *waspsish* is used without any particular reference to any action of a wasp, but merely as synonymous to *peevish* or *fretful*:

“By the stern brow and *waspsish* action

“Which she did use as she was writing of it,

“It bears an angry tenour.”

In *the Tempest*, when Iris speaking of Venus, says,

“Her *waspsish-beaded* son has broke his arrows,”

the meaning is perfectly clear; yet the objection that Shakspeare knew the sting of a wasp was in his tail, not in his *bead*, might, I conceive, be made with equal force, there, as on the present occasion.

Though this note has run out to an unreasonable length, I must add a passage in the *Taming of the Shrew*; which, while it shews that our author knew the sting of a wasp was really situated in its *tail*, proves at the same time that he thought it might with propriety be applied metaphorically to the *tongue*:

Pet. Come, come, you *wasp*; i'faith you are too angry.

Catb. If I be *waspsish*, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Catb. Ay, if the fool could find where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

Catb. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Catb. Yours, if you talk of tails, &c.

This passage appears to me fully to justify the reading that I have chosen. Independent however of all authority, or reference to other passages, it is supported by the context here. A person stung by a wasp would

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;

His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles; this Bolingbroke,

When you and he came back from Ravensburg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy?

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look,—when his infant fortune came to age¹,—

And,—gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—

O, the devil take such cozeners²!—God forgive me!—

Good uncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;

We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

would not be very likely to claim all *the talk* to himself, as Hotspur is described to do, but rather in the agony of pain to implore the assistance of those about him; whereas “the wasp-tongue fool” may well be supposed to “break into a woman's mood,” and to listen “to no tongue but his own.”

Mr. Mason thinks that the words afterwards used by Hotspur are decisively in favour of *wasp-stung*,—“Nettled and stung with pismires;” but Hotspur uses that expression to mark the poignancy of his own feelings; Northumberland uses the term *wasp-tongue* to denote the irritability of his son's temper and the petulance of his language. MALONE.

9 — *what a candy deal of courtesy*] i. e. what a deal of candy courtesy. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read *candy'd*, without necessity. See the last note. MALONE.

¹ — *infant fortune came to age*,—] Alluding to what passed in *King Richard, II.* Act II. sc. iii. JOHNSON.

² — *the devil take such cozeners!*—] So, in *Two Tragedies in One*, &c. 1601:

“Come pretty cousin, cozened by grim death.”

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“To see my cousin cozen'd in this sort.” STEEVENS.

Deliver

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean
 For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons,
 Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,
 Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,— [to North.
 Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep
 Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
 The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
 I speak not this in estimation³,
 As what I think might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
 And only stays but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip⁴.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
 And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—
 To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
 To save our heads by raising of a head⁵:
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
 The king will always think him in our debt⁶;
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
 And see already, how he doth begin

³ *I speak not this in estimation,*] *Estimation* for conjecture.

WARBURTON.

⁴ — *let'st slip.*] *To let slip*, is to loose the greyhound. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *by raising of a head:*] *A head* is a body of forces. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The king will always &c.*] This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligations too great to be satisfied.

That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty was predicted by king Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin⁷, farewell:—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother: We shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rocheſter. An Inn-yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll
be hang'd: Charles' wain⁸ is over the new chimney,
and yet our horse not pack'd. What, oiler!

Off. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's faddle⁹, put a
few flocks in the point; the poor jade is rung in the wi-
thers out of all ceſs¹.

Enter

⁷ *Cousin.*—] This was a common address in our author's time to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren. See Holinshed's *Chronicle*, passim. Hotſpur was Worcester's nephew. MALONE.

⁸ — Charles' wain] Charles's wain, says an anonymous authour, "is the vulgar appellation given to the constellation called the bear. It is a corruption of the *Charles* or *Churl's* wain, Sax. *Ceoplla* countryman." The same etymology had before been noticed (as Mr. Reed observes) in Thoresby's *Leeds*, p. 268. MALONE.

⁹ — Cut's faddle,] *Cut* is the name of a horse in the *Witches of Lancashire*, 1634, and I suppose was a common one. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 43, n. 1. MALONE.

¹ — out of all ceſs.] i. e. out of all measure: the phrase being taken from a *ceſs*, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be out of all ceſs. WARBURTON.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank ² here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots ³: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler dy'd.

1. *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench ⁴.

1. *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2. *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach ⁵.

1. *Car.*

² — as dank] i. e. wet, rotten. POPE.

³ — bots:] are worms in the stomach of a horse. JOHNSON.

A bots light upon you is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* as well as in many other old pieces.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *I am stung like a tench.]* Why like a tench? I know not, unless the similitude consists in the spots of the tench, and those made by the bite of vermin. MALONE.

⁵ — breeds fleas, like a loach.] The loach is a very small fish, but so exceedingly prolific that it is seldom found without spawn in it; and it was formerly a practice of the young gallants to swallow loaches in wine, because they were considered as invigorating, and as apt to communicate their prolific quality. The carrier therefore means to say that "your chamber-lie breeds fleas as fast as a loach" breeds, not fleas, but loaches.

In *As you like it*, Jaques says that he "can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs;" but he does not mean that a weasel sucks eggs "out of a song."—And in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Nestor says that Therites is

"A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,"

he means, that his gall coined slanders as fast as a mint coins money.

MASON.

I entirely agree with Mr. Mason in his explanation of this passage, and, before I had seen his *COMMENTS*, had in the same manner interpreted a passage in *As you like it*. See Vol. III. p. 168, n. 2. One principal source of error in the interpretation of many passages in our author's plays has been the supposing that his similes were intended to correspond exactly on both sides.

The author, however, of *Remarks &c.* on the text and notes of the last

1. *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2. *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger⁶, to be deliver'd as far as Charing-cross.

1. *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved⁷.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADS-HILL*⁸.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1. *Car.* I think it be two o'clock⁹.

last edition of Shakspeare, very gravely assures Mr. Steevens, "that in the course of his extensive researches he may one day find that a loach either *has* or *was* formerly supposed to have, when dead, the quality of producing fleas in abundance!!" MALONE.

² — and two razes of ginger,] A *race* of ginger signifies no more than a single root of it; but a *razie* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it.

THEOBALD.

— and two razes of ginger,] So, in the old anonymous play of *Henry V.*: "—he hath taken the great *razie* of ginger, that bouncing Bess, &c. was to have had." A dainty *race* of ginger is mentioned in Ben Jonson's masque of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed*. STEEVENS.

Dr. Grew speaks, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, of a *single root* of ginger weighing fourteen ounces, as uncommonly large. I doubt therefore concerning the truth of Mr. Warner's assertion, (in support of which he quotes Sir Hans Sloane's Introduction to his *Hist. of Jamaica*, that "a single *root* or *race* of ginger, were it brought home entire, as it might formerly have been, and not in small pieces, as at present, would have been sufficient to load a pack-horse." Theobald's explanation seems equally disputable. MALONE.

⁷ — the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.] Here is a slight anachronism. Turkies were not brought into England till the time of King Henry VIII. MALONE.

⁸ — *Gads-bill*.] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed. So, in the anonymous play of the *Famous Victories of Henry V.*: "And I know thee for a taking fellow upon *Gads-bill* in Kent." In the year 1558 a ballad entitled "The Robbery at Gads-hill," was entered on the books of the Stationers' company. STEEVENS.

⁹ I think it be two o'clock.] The carrier, who suspected Gads-hill, strives to mislead him as to the hour; because the first observation made in this scene is, that it was *four o'clock*. STEEVENS.

Gads.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1. Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2. Car. Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth-a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [Exeunt Carriers.]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [within.] At hand, quoth pick-purse¹.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot ho y².

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, master Gads-hill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin³

¹ *At hand, quoth pick-purse.*] This is a proverbial expression often used by Green, Nashe, and other writers of the time, in whose works the cant of low conversation is preserved. STEEVENS.

This proverbial saying probably arose from the pick-purse always seizing upon the prey nearest to him: his maxim being that of Pope's man of gallantry,—“The thing *at hand* is of all things the best.” MALONE.

² *That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: &c.*] So, in the *Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratscy*, 1605: “—he dealt with the chamberlaine of the house to learn which way they rode in the morning, which the chamberlaine performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes, if he sped.” STEEVENS.

³ — *franklin*—] is a little gentleman. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson has said more accurately, in a note on *Cymbeline*, that a franklin is a *freeholder*. MALONE.

“Fortescue,” says the editor of the *Canterbury Tales*, Vol. IV. p. 202, “(de L. L. Ang. c. xxix.) describes a *franklain* to be *paterfamilias—magnis ditatus possessionibus*. He is classed *with* (but after) the *miles* and *armiger*, and is distinguished from the *libere tenentes* and *vassalli*, though, as it should seem, the only distinction between him and other freeholders consisted in the largeness of his estate.” REED.

in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter³: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks⁴, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pry'thee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans⁵ that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers⁶, no long-

³ — and call for eggs and butter:] It appears from the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, that butter'd eggs was the usual breakfast of my lord and lady, during the season of Lent. STEEV.

⁴ — saint Nicholas' clerks,—] St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars; and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks*. WARBURTON.

So in Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633: "I think yonder come prancing down the hills from Kingston, a couple of Saint Nicholas's clerks." Again in the *Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640:—"to wit, dicer's books, and St. Nicholas's clerks." STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 153, n. 8. where an account is given of the origin of this expression as applied to scholars. Mr. Whalley thinks it took its rise from the parish clerks of London, who were incorporated into a fraternity or guild, with St. Nicholas for their patron. Dr. W's account of the application of the term to robbers, is undoubtedly just. MALONE.

⁵ — other Trojans] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this." Trojan in both these instances had a cant signification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a thief. So again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "—unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away." STEEVENS.

⁶ I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, &c.] That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No long-staff, six-penny strikers,—no fellows that infest the road with long staves and knock men down for six-pence. None of these mad, mustachio, purple-bued malt-worms,—none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

staff, six-penny strikers⁷; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms⁸: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers⁹; such as can hold

⁷ — *six-penny strikers*;] A *striker* had some cant signification with which at present we are not exactly acquainted. It is used in several of the old plays. So in an old Mf. play entitled *A second Maiden's Tragedy*:

"—one that robs the mind,

"Twenty times worse than any highway-striker." STEEVENS.

In Greene's *Art of Cony-catching*, 1592, under the table of *Cant Expressions used by Thieves*, "the cutting a pocket or picking a purse," is called *striking*. COLLINS.

See also the *London Prodigal*, 1605: "Nay, now I have had such a fortunate beginning, I'll not let a *sixpenny-purse* escape me." MALONE.

⁸ — *malt-worms*:] This cant term for a tippler I find in *The life and death of Jack Strawe*, 1593, and in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. STEEV.

⁹ — *burgomasters, and great oneyers*;] The reading which I have substituted [*money*.] I owe to the friendship of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge Esq. A *moneyer* is an officer of the mint, who makes coin, and delivers out the king's money. *Moneyers* are also taken for bankers, or those that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of these acceptations will admirably square with our author's context. THEOBALD.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and is not undeservedly adopted by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *great owners*, not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I know not however whether any change is necessary: Gads-hill tells the Chamberlain that he is joined with no mean wretches, but *with burgomasters and great ones*, or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great oneyers*, or *great one-ers*, as we say, *privateer, auctioneer, circuiter*. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*onyers*, that is, *public accountants*; men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state.—It is the course of the Court of Exchequer, when the sheriff makes up his accounts for issues, amerciements, and mesne profits, to set upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur, nisi habeat sufficientem exonerationem*: he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *peravale* (as they are termed in law) for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as with respect to the king.

To settle accounts in this manner, is still called in the Exchequer, to *ony*; and from hence Shakspeare perhaps formed the word *onyers*.—The Chamberlain had a little before mentioned, among the travellers whom he thought worth plundering, an officer of the Exchequer, "a kind of *auditor*, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what." This emendation may derive some support from what Gads-hill says in the next scene: "There's money of the king's

coming

hold in ; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray¹ : And yet I lie ; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth ; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her ; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots ? will they hold out water in foul way ?

Gads. She will, she will ; justice hath liquor'd her².

coming down the hill ; 'tis going to the king's Exchequer.³ The first quarto has—*oneyres*, which the second and all the subsequent copies made *oneyers*. The original reading gives great probability to Hanmer's conjecture. MALONE.

¹ —*such as will strike sooner than speak ; and speak sooner than drink ; and drink sooner than pray :* According to the specimen given us in this play, of this dissolute gang, we have no reason to think *they were less ready to drink than speak*. Besides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *speaking, drinking, and praying* to do with one another ? We should certainly read *think* in both places instead of *drink* ; and then we have a very regular and humorous climax. *They will strike sooner than speak ; and speak sooner than think ; and think sooner than pray.* By which last words is meant, that, “ though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them.” WARB.

Such as can hold in, may mean, *such as can curb old-father antic the law*, or *such as will not blab*. STEEVENS.

I think a gradation was intended, as Dr. Warburton supposes. To *hold in*, I believe meant to “ keep their fellows' counsel and their own ;” not to discover their rogueries by talking about them. So in *Twelfth Night* : “ —that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in.” *Gads-hill* therefore, I suppose, means to say, that he keeps company with steady robbers ; such as will not impeach their comrades, or make any discovery by talking of what they have done ; men that will strike the traveller sooner than talk to him ; that yet would sooner speak to him than drink, which might intoxicate them, and put them off their guard ; and, notwithstanding, would prefer drinking, however dangerous, to prayer, which is the last thing they would think of.—The words however will admit a different interpretation. We have often in these plays, “ it were as good a deed as to drink.” Perhaps therefore the meaning may be, Men who will knock the traveller down sooner than speak to him ; who yet will speak to him and bid him stand, sooner than drink ; (to which they are sufficiently well inclined ;) and lastly, who will drink sooner than pray. Here indeed the climax is not regular. But perhaps our author did not intend it should be preserved. MALONE.

² *She will, she will ; justice hath liquor'd her.*] A satire on chicane in courts of justice ; which supports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WARBURTON.

We

We steal as in a castle³, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed⁴, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholding to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase⁵, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men⁶.— Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

3 — *as in a castle,*] This was once a proverbial phrase. So, in the *Little French Lawyer* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“That noble courage we have seen, and we

“Shall fight *as in a castle.*”

Perhaps Shakspeare means, we steal with as much security as the ancient inhabitants of *castles*, who had those strong holds to fly to for protection and defence against the laws. So, in *King Henry VI.* Act. III. P. I. sc. i:

“Yes, as an outlaw *in a castle* keeps,

“And useth it to patronage his *theft.*” STEEVENS.

4 — *we have the receipt of fern-seed,*] *Fern* is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that *fern* was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to *fern-seed* many strange properties, some of which the rustick virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded. JOHNSON.

So in B. Jonson's *New Inn*:

“No medecine, sir, to go *invisible*,

“No *fern-seed* in my pocket.” STEEVENS.

5 — *in our purchase,*] *Purchase* was anciently the cant term for stolen goods. So, in *Henry V.* Act III: “They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase.*” So, Chaucer:

“And robbery is holde *purchase.*” STEEVENS.

6 *Homo is a common name &c.*] *Gads-hill* had promised as he was a *true man*; the Chamberlain wills him to promise rather as a *false thief*; to which *Gads-hill* answers, that though he might have reason to change the word *true*, he might have spared *man*, for *homo* is a name common to all men, and among others to thieves, JOHNSON.

This is a quotation from the *Accidence*, and I believe is not the only one from that book, which therefore Mr. Capell should have added to his *Shaksperiana*. L—.

See Vol. II. p. 254, n. 8; p. 268, n. 1; and Vol. III. p. 263, n. 1.

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*The Road by Gads-bill.**Enter Prince HENRY and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.**Poins.* Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet⁷.*P. Henry.* Stand close.*Enter FALSTAFF.**Fal.* Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!*P. Henry.* Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?*Fal.* Where's Poins, Hal?*P. Hen.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.*[pretends to seek Poins.]**Fal.* I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire⁸ further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him⁹, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further¹. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd⁷ —like a gumm'd velvet.] This allusion we often meet with in the old comedies. STEEVENS.⁸ —four foot by the squire] i. e. four feet by a foot rule. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 417, n. 1. MALONE.

The same phrase occurs in the *Winter's Tale*: "—not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire." STEEVENS.⁹ —medicines to make me love him,] Alluding to the vulgar notion of love-powder. JOHNSON.¹ —rob a foot further.] I will not go a foot further to rob. STEEV. with

KING HENRY IV.

15

with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three-score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt² me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters³! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison⁴: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADS-HILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

² —to colt] is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*. JOHNSON.

In the first of these senses it is used by Nashe, in *Hobby with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "His master fretting and chaffing to be thus colted of both of them, &c." STEEVENS.

³ —heir-apparent garters!] "He may hang himself in his own garters," is a proverb in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

⁴ An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison:] So in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Shall have thy trespass cited up in rhimes,

"And sung by children in succeeding times."

Again in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

"——saucy lictors

"Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhimers

"Ballad us out of tune." MALONE.

Poins.

Poins. O, tis our setter: I know his voice.

Bard. What news⁵?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewel, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole⁶, say I; every man to his business.

⁵ Bardolph. *What news?*—] In all the copies that I have seen Poins is made to speak upon the entrance of Gads-hill thus:

O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.—Bardolph, *what news?* This is absurd; he knows Gads-hill to be the setter, and asks Bardolph *what news*. To countenance this impropriety, the latter editions have made Gads-hill and Bardolph enter together, but the old copies bring in Gads-hill alone, and we find that Falstaff, who knew their stations, calls to Bardolph among others for his horse, but not to Gads-hill, who was posted at a distance. We should therefore read:

Poins. *O, 'tis our setter, &c.*

Bard. *What news?*

Gads. *Case ye, &c.* JOHNSON.

⁶ — *happy man be his dole,*] See Vol. I. p. 264, n. 5. and Vol. II. p. 262, n. 8. MALONE.

The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Enter Travellers.

1. *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu blefs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorfon caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth; down with them; fleece them.

1. *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves⁷; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs⁸; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt Falstaff &c. driving the travellers out.*]

Re-enter Prince HENRY, and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men⁹: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week¹, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant

⁷ — *gorbellied*—] i. e. fat and corpulent. See the Glossary to Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*. This word is used by Sir T. North in his translation of Plutarch, by Nash and others. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *ye fat chuffs*;] This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. The derivation of the word is said to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird that collects its prey on the sea shore. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *the true men*:] In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 90, n. 6. MALONE.

¹ — *argument for a week*,—] *Argument* here means the subject of discourse or merriment. So Pedro says to Benedick in *Much ado about Nothing*, [Vol. II. p. 217,] "Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable *argument*." MASON.

cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck!

P. Hen. Your money. [*rushing out upon them.*]

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter².

—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. —He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous.*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the lord our plot is a good plot as

² *Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland. Mr. EDWARDS's MS. Notes.

ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York³ commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan⁴. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate⁵? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady.

³ — *my lord of York*] Richard Scroop, archbishop of York. STEEV.

⁴ *I could brain him with his lady's fan.*] Mr. Edwards observes, in his *Canons of Criticism*, "that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers. See the wooden cut in a note on a passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. ii. and the figure of *Marguerite de France Duchesse de Savoie*, in the fifth Vol. of Montfaucon's *Magnarchie de France*, Plate XI. STEEVENS.

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several weapons*, Act V.

"Were't not better

"Your head were broke *with the handle of a fan*." WHALLEY.

This passage ought to be a memento to all commentators, not to be too positive about the customs of former ages. Mr Edwards has laughed unmercifully at Dr. Warburton for supposing that Hotspur meant to brain the earl of March with the *handle* of his lady's fan, instead of the feathers of it. The lines quoted by Mr. Whalley shew that the supposition was not so wild a one as Mr. Edwards supposed. MALONE.

⁵ *How now, Kate?*] Shakspeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, (which was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth*;) or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the familiar appellation of *Kate*, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this scene, the scene of

Lady P. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
 For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
 And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
 And given my treasures⁷, and my rights of thee,
 To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
 Of fallies, and retires⁸; of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers⁹, parapets;

Katbarine and Petruchio, and the courtship between King Henry V. and the *French Princess*. The wife of Hotspur was the lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger earl of March, and Count to Edmund earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of lord Mortimer.

STEEVENS.

The sister of Roger Earl of March, according to Hall, was called *Eleonor*: "This Edmonde was sonne to Erle Roger,—which Edmonde at King Richard's going into Ireland was proclaimed heire apparent to the crowne and realme; whose aunt, called *Elinor*, this lord Henry Percy had married." Chron. fol. 20. So also Holinshed. MALONE.

⁶ —thy golden sleep?] So, in Hall's *Chronicle*, Richard III: "—he needed now no more once for that cause eyther to wake, or breake his golden sleep." HENDERSON.

⁷ And given my treasures,—] So in *Othello*:

"To pour our treasures into foreign laps." MALONE.

⁸ —and retires;] *Retires* are *retreats*. So in Holinshed, p. 960:
 "—the Frenchmen's flight, for many so termed their sudden *retire*."

STEEVENS.

⁹ —frontiers,] *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along, or near those limits. In Ives's *Practice of Fortification*, printed in 1589, p. 1. it is said, "A forte not placed where it were needful, might scantily be accounted for frontier." Again, p. 21: "In the *frontiers* made by the late emperor Charles the Fifth, divers of their walles having given way," &c.

STEEVENS.

So in *Notes from Blackfryers*, by H. Fitz-geoffery, 1617:

"He'll tell of basilisks, trenches and retires,

"Of palisadoes, parapets, *frontiers*." MALONE.

Of

Of basilisks¹, of cannon, culverin;
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the 'currents² of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat³ have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance* *!

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Serv.*]

Lady P. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady P. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse,

My love, my horse.

Lady P. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazel hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are tofs'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,

¹ *Of basilisks,*] A basilisk is a cannon of a particular kind. STEEV.

² *And all the 'currents—*] i. e. the occurrences. In old language *occurrent* was used instead of *occurrence*. MALONE.

³ *That beads of sweat—*] So in *Julius Cæsar*:

"——mine eyes,

"Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

"Began to water." MALONE.

* —*esperance!*] This was the motto of the Percy family. MALONE.

To line his enterprize : But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry ⁴

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trisler !—Love?— I love thee not ⁵,

I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world,

To play with mamnets ⁶, and to tilt with lips :

⁴ *I'll break thy little finger, Harry,*] This piece of amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date; being mentioned in Geffray Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579: "Whereupon, I think, no sort of kysses or follyes in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor pinching by the little finger." AMNER.

⁵ *Away,*

Away, you trisler !—love?—I love thee not,] This, I think, would be better thus :

Hot. *Away, you trisler !*

Lady. *Love !*

Hot. *I love thee not.*

This is no world &c. JOHNSON.

The alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson seems unnecessary. The passage, as now regulated, appears to me perfectly clear.—The first *love* is not a substantive, but a verb :

—————love [*thee ?*] —I love thee not.

Hotspur's mind being intent on other things, his answers are irregular. He has been musing, and now replies to what lady Percy had said *some time before* :

"Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

"And I must know it,—*else he loves me not.*"

In a subsequent scene this distinguishing trait of his character is particularly mentioned by the prince of Wales, in his description of a conversation between Hotspur and lady Percy : "*O my sweet Harry, (says she) how many hast thou kill'd to-day ? Give my roan horse a drench,*" says he, and answers—*some fourteen*,—AN HOUR AFTER." MALONE.

⁶ —*mamnets,*] Puppets. JOHNSON:

So Stubbs, speaking of ladies dress in the fashion, says : "they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and blood, but rather *puppets* or *mamnets*, consisting of ragges and clowts compact together."

Mammet is perhaps a corruption of *Mabomet*. Holinshed's *History of England*, p. 108, speaks "of *mawmets* and idols." This conjecture and quotation is from Mr. Tollet. I may add that Hamlet seems to have the same idea when he tells Ophelia, that "he could interpret between her and her love, if he saw the *puppets* *dallying*." STEEVENS.

We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns⁷,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know⁸;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ — *crack'd crowns,*] signifies at once *crack'd money*, and a *broken head*. *Current* will apply to both; as it refers to money, its sense is well known; as it is applied to a broken head, it insinuates that a soldier's wounds entitle him to universal reception. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;*] This line is borrowed from a proverbial sentence: "A woman conceals what she knows not." See *Ray's Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's head tavern*⁹.

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogheads. I have founded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack¹, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian², a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in East-cheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering³, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou

⁹ Eastcheap. *A room in the Boar's head tavern.*] In the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.* *Eastcheap* is the place where Henry and his companions meet: "*Henry 5.* You know the old tavern in *Eastcheap*; there is good wine." Shakspeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the *Boar's head* tavern was very near Black-friars play-house. See Stowe's *SURVEY*, 4to. 1618, p. 686. MALONE.

¹ — *I am no proud Jack,*] See Vol. I. p. 217, note *; and Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

² — *Corinthian,*] A wench. JOHNSON.

This cant expression is common in old plays. So Randolph, in *The Jealous Lovers*, 1632:

"——let him wench,

"Buy me all *Corinth* for him."

Non cuius homini contingit adire *Corinthum*. STEEVENS.

³ — *and when you breathe &c.*] A certain maxim of health attributed to the school of Salerno, may prove the best comment on this passage.

STEEVENS,

hast

haft lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar⁴, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker⁵; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit POINS.*]

• *Enter Francis*⁶.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

⁴ — *this pennyworth of sugar*,] It appears from the following passage in *Look about you*, 1600, and some others, that the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack:

“ ——— but do you hear?

“ Bring sugar in *white paper*, not in brown.”

Shakspeare might perhaps allude to a custom mentioned by Decker in the *Guls Horn Book*, 1609: “Enquire what gallants sup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the city fashion) send them in a pottle of wine, and your name sweetened in two pitiful papers of sugar, with some filthy apologie ram'd into the mouth of a drawer,” &c. STEEVENS.

See p. 126, n. 5. MALONE.

⁵ — *under-skinker*;] A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is drink, and a *skinker* is one that serves drink at a table. JOHNSON.

Schenken, Dutch, is to fill a glass or cup; and *schenker* is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glasses. An *under-skinker* is therefore, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, an *under-drawer*. STEEV.

⁶ *Enter Francis.*] This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. JOHNSON.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, fir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, fir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, fir! I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin⁷, chrystal-button⁸, nott-pated⁹, agat-ring, puke-stocking¹, cad-dice-garter², smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

⁷ *Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, &c.*] The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions. JOHNSON.

⁸ —*chrystal-button,*] A leather jerkin with chrystal buttons was the habit of a pawn-broker. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*nott-pated,*] A person was said to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut short and round; Ray says, the word is still used in Essex, for *polled* or *shorn*. Vid. Ray. Coll. p. 108. Morell's *Chaucer*, 8vo, p. 11. vid. Jun. Etym. ad verb. PERCY.

In Barrett's *Alwearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, to *nette* the hair is the same as to cut it. STEEVENS.

Fran.

Fran. O lord, fir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard³ is your only

¹ — *puke-stocking*,] In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

Again in Drant's translation of the eighth satire of *Horace*, 1567:

" — *nigra succinctam vadere palla.*

" *ytuckde in pukishe frocke.*"

In the time of Shakspeare the most expensive silk stockings were worn; and in *King Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worsted-stocking-knave*. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the stuff rather than to the colour. STEEVENS.

² I have no doubt that the epithet referred to the dark colour. Black stockings are now worn, as they probably were in Shakspeare's time, by persons of inferior condition, on a principle of economy. MALONE.

² — *caddice-garter*,] *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarse *ferret*. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction, which I meet with again in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

" — doft heag,

" My honest *caddis-garters*?"

This is an address to a servant. STEEVENS.

" At this day [about the year 1625] says the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, men of mean rank weare *garters* and shoe-roses of more than *five pound price*." In a note on *Twelfth Night*, Mr. Steevens observes that very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee; and quotes the following lines from Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, B. ix. c. 47, which may throw a light on the present passage:

" Then wore they

" *Garters of liffes*; but now of silk, some edged deep with gold."

MALONE.

³ — *brown bastard*—] *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away.

JOHNSON.

Maison Rustique, translated by Markham, 1616, p. 635, says, " — such wines are called *mungrell* or *bastard* wines, which (betwixt the sweet and astringent ones) have neither manifest sweetness, nor manifest astringency, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities." TOLLET.

Barrett, however, in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, says, that "*bastarde* is muscadell, sweet wine." STEEVENS.

So also in Stowe's *Annals*, 867: "When an argosie came with Greek and Spanish wines, viz. muscadel, malmsey, sack, and *bastard*, &c." MALONE.

drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will fully: in Barbary, fir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, fir?

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call? [*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old fir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins!*

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jess of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter Francis with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, fir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind*,

* *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*] The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have shewed themselves humours;—I am not yet of Percy's mind—*; that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolic, and try all the varieties of human life. *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*—who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier. JOHNSON.

the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle.* I prythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*⁵, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADS-HILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll fow nether stocks⁶, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the son⁷! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal.

⁵ *Rivo*,] This was perhaps the cant of English taverns. JOHNSON. This conjecture Dr. Farmer has supported by a quotation from Marston:

“If thou art sad at others' fate,

“*Rivo*, drink deep, give care the mate.”

I find the same word used in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:—*cry rivo, ho, laugh and be fat,*” &c. Again in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:—“that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries, *rivo*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *nether stocks*,] *Nether stocks* are stockings. See *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

See also Vol. IV. p. 14, n. 5. MALONE.

⁷ — *pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the son!*] I have here followed the reading of the original copy in 1598, rejecting only the double genitive, for it reads—*of the son's. Sun*, which is the reading of the folio, derives no authority from its being found in that copy; for the change was made arbitrarily in the quarto 1604, and adopted of course in that of 1608 and 1613, from the latter of which the folio was printed; in consequence of which the accumulated errors of the five preceding editions were incorporated in the folio copy of this play.

Mr. Theobald reads—“*pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the*
sweet

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too : There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man^b :

Yet

sweet tale of the *sun* ;" which is not so absurd as " pitiful-hearted *Titan*, that melted at the sweet tale of the *sun*," but yet very exceptionable ; for what is the meaning of butter melting at a *tale* ? or what idea does the *tail of the sun* here convey ? Dr. Warburton, who, with Mr. Theobald, reads—*sun*, has extracted some sense from the passage by placing the words—" pitiful-hearted *Titan*" in a parenthesis, and referring the word *that* to *butter* ; but then, besides that his interpretation of *pitiful-hearted*, which he says means *amorous*, is unauthorized and inadmissible, the same objection will lie to the sentence when thus regulated, that has already been made to the reading introduced by Mr. Theobald.

The prince undoubtedly, as Mr. Theobald observes, by the words " Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a dish of butter ?" alludes to *Falstaff's* entering in a great heat, " his fat dripping with the violence of his motion, as butter does with the heat of the sun." Our author here, as in many other places, having started an idea, leaves it, and goes to another that has but a very slight connection with the former. Thus the idea of butter melted by *Titan*, or the *Sun*, suggests to him the idea of *Titan's* being melted or softened by the tale of his son, *Phaëton* : a tale, which undoubtedly *Shakspeare* had read in the third book of *Golding's* Translation of *Ovid*, having, in his description of *Winter* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, imitated a passage that is found in the same page in which the story of *Phaëton* is related. I should add that the explanation now given was suggested by the following note.—I would, however, wish to read—*thy* son. In the old copies, *the*, *thee*, and *thy* are frequently confounded. MALONE.

The same thought, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, is found among *Turberville's Epitaphs*, p. 142 :

" It melts as butter doth against the sun."

The author might have written *pitiful-hearted Titan, who melted at the sweet tale of his son*, i. e. *Phaëton*, who by a plausible story won on the easy nature of his father so far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day. STEEVENS.

^b — *here's lime in this sack too : There's nothing to be found but roguery in villainous man :—* Sir Richard Hawkins, one of queen Elizabeth's sea-captains, in his *Voyages*, p. 397, says : " Since the Spanish sacks have been common in our taverns, which for conservation are mingled with lime in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use. Besides, there is no year that it wasteth not two millions of crowns of our substance by conveyance into foreign countries." I think lord Clarendon in his *Apology*, tells us, " That sweet wines before the Restoration were so much to the English taste, that we engrossed the whole product of the Canaries ; and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country in Europe."

But

Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing^o; A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath¹, and drive all thy subjects

But the banish'd cavaliers brought home with them the gout for French wines, which has continued ever since. *WARBURTON.*

Eliot in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*, says: "The vintners of London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the *gouttes*." *FARMER.*

9 — [*I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms &c.*] Thus the quarto. The editors of the folio, 1623, to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. changed the text here, as they did in many other places from the same motive, and printed—"I could sing all manner of songs." *MALONE.*

In the persecutions of the protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody. *WARBURTON.*

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who having their hands more employed than their minds, amuse themselves frequently with songs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wishes he could sing to divert his thoughts. *Weavers* are mentioned as lovers of musick in the *Merchant of Venice*. [*Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV p. 36, n. 9.] Perhaps to "sing like a weaver" might be proverbial. *JOHNSON.*

Dr. Warburton's observation may be confirmed by the following passage. Ben Jonson, in *the Silent Woman*, makes Cutberd tell Morose, that "the parson caught his cold by sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers." *STEEVENS.*

The protestants who fled from the persecution of the duke d'Alva were mostly weavers and woollen manufacturers: they settled in Gloucestershire, Somersetshire and other counties, and (as Dr. Warburton observes) being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. For many years the inhabitants of these counties have excelled the rest of the kingdom in the skill of vocal harmony. *Sir J. HAWKINS.*

— a dagger of lath,] i. e. such a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was arm'd with. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"In

jects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whorson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poin's there?

Poins. 'Zounds * ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward; I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound. I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain? thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I!

[*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet;

"In adrice, like to the old *Vice*,

"Your need to sustain:

"Who with *dagger of laib*

"In his rage and his wrath &c."

In the second part of this play, Falstaff calls Shallow a "*Vice's dagger*." STEEVENS.

* *Poins.* 'Zounds &c.] Thus the first quarto and the three subsequent copies. In the quarto of 1613, *Prince* being prefixed to this speech by the carelessness of the printer, the error, with many others, was adopted in the folio; the quarto of 1613 being evidently the copy from which the folio was printed. MALONE.

four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through²; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, firs; How was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; ~~or I am~~ I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew³.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd⁴; two rogues in

² — *my buckler cut through and through*;] It appears from the old comedy of *The two angry Women of Abington*, that this method of defence and fight was in Shakspeare's time growing out of fashion. The play was published in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following observation:

"I see by this dearth of good swords, that sword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 228, n. 8. MALONE.

³ — *an Ebrew Jew*,] So, in the *Two Gent. of Verona*: "—thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian." STEEVENS. Jews in Shakspeare's time were supposed to be peculiarly hard-hearted. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting." MALONE.

⁴ — *I have pay'd*;] i. e. drubbed, beaten. So, in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Elegies*, printed at Middleburgh (without date):

"Thou

in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram⁵.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose⁶.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

“Thou cozenest boys of sleep, and dost betray them

“To pedants, that with cruel lashes pay them.” MALONE.

⁵ *In buckram.*] I believe these words belong to the prince's speech: “—there were but four even now,—in buckram.” Poins concurs with the Prince: “Ay, four, in buckram suits;” and Falstaff perseveres in the number of seven. As the speeches are at present regulated, Falstaff seems to assent to the prince's assertion, that there were but *four*, if the prince will but grant that they were in *buckram*; and then immediately afterwards asserts that the number of his assailants was seven. The regulation proposed renders the whole consistent. MALONE.

⁶ *Their points being broken,—Down fell their hose.*] To understand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies the sharp end of a weapon, and the lace of a garment. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was to *untrust a point*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. IV. p. 17, n. *. MALONE.

P. Hen.

P. Hen. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green⁷, came at my back, and let drive at me ;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts ; thou knotty-pated fool ; thou whoreson, ob-scene, greasy tallow-keech⁸,—

Fal. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth, the truth ?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand ; come, tell us your reason, What say'st thou to this ?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion ? No ; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion !

7 *In Kendal green,*] “ *Kendal*, a towne so highly renowned for her commodious cloathing and industrious trading, as her name is become famous in that kind.” *Camd. in Brit. Barnabees Journal.* BOWLE.

Kendal green was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntington and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of *Robin Hood*. The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this subject, 1601. Again, in the *Playe of Robyn Hood* *were proper to be played in May Games*, bl. l. no date:

“ Here be a sort of ragged knaves come in,

“ Clothed all in *Kendale grene*.” STEEVENS.

See also Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VIII. p. 6. MALONE.

8 — *greasy tallow-keech,*] The old copies read *tallow-catch*, which Mr. Warton thinks right, understanding by that word a receptacle for *tallow*. The emendation now adopted, which appears to me more likely to be the true reading, was suggested by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Steevens's note is a strong confirmation of it. MALONE.

Tallow-keech is undoubtedly right. A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now. PERCY.

A *keech* is what is called a *tallow loaf* in *Suffex*, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. COLLINS.

Shakspeare calls the butcher's wife goody *Keech* in the second part of this play. STEEVENS.

if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-prestler, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin^o, you dry'd neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in baite comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them¹, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and

^o — *you starveling, you elf-skin,*] For *elf-skin* sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-skin*. The true reading, I believe, is *elf-kin*, or *little fairy*; for though the Bastard in *King John* compares his brother's two legs to two eel-skins stuff'd, yet an eel-skin simply bears no great resemblance to a man. JOHNSON.

In these comparisons Shakspeare was not drawing the picture of a *little fairy*, but of a man remarkably *tall* and *thin*, to whose shapeless uniformity of length an "*eel-skin stuff'd*" (for that circumstance is implied) certainly bears a humorous resemblance, as do the *taylor's yard*, the *tuck*, or small sword set upright, &c. The comparisons of the *stock-fish* and *dry'd neat's tongue*, allude to the leanness of the prince. The reading—*elf-skin* is supported likewise by the passage already quoted from *K. John*, and by Falstaff's description of the *lean Shallow* in the second part of *K. Henry IV.*

Shakspeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the prince of Wales. Stowe, speaking of him, says, "he exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small," &c.

STEVENS.

¹ — *you bound them,*] The old copies read—and bound them. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

then

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then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, then, know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince². Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man³, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal.

² — the lion will not touch the true prince.] So in the *Mad Lover*, by B. and Fletcher:

• “Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over;

“If she be sprung from royal blood, the lion

“Will do her reverence, else he'll tear her,” &c. STEEVENS.

³ — there is a nobleman—Give him as much as will make him a royal man,] I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a noble was, in cant language, called a *nobleman*: in this sense the prince